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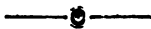
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# JESSY'S WEDDING-RING :

*A Tale of Humble Life.*

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY A LADY.



LONDON.

ARTHUR HALL AND COMPANY,

*26, Paternoster Row.*

*Sold by C. and B. BLIGHT, 10, High Street, Bideford, N. Devon.*

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TO  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE PRINCESS LOUIS OF HESSE,  
THIS LITTLE VOLUME  
(Sold for the Benefit of the Lancashire Weavers)  
IS,  
BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION,  
MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.







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## “JESSY’S WEDDING RING.”

IN THREE PARTS.

---

### Part I.

IN the far north of England’s isle,  
A dark laborious city stands,  
Whose inmates scarce have time to smile,  
And seldom fold their wearied hands.  
Above, the smoke of inner fires  
Darkens the blue of summer’s sky ;  
And all around, like fun’ral pyres,  
Rich mounds of coal oppress the eye.  
The blacken’d grass is trodden down,  
And Nature’s songsters hang their heads ;

A veil

A veil of smoke wraps field and town,  
Whilst flowers languish in their beds.  
Yet they are Nature's keenest friends,  
Who rarely see her face to face :  
For them each bough with beauty bends,  
And charms invest the meanest place.  
To those poor toilers underground,  
Each sabbath seems a treasure giv'n,  
And ev'ry rural sight and sound  
Speaks to their simple souls of Heav'n !  
And hearts as true, and hopes as fond,  
As any found in Poet's page,  
May flourish here, for Love's true bond  
Is not confined to place or age.

In this dark corner of the land  
There dwelt a lovely cottage maid,  
Her father led the hard-work'd band,  
Who earn their bread in earth's cold shade ;

But

But she no thought of danger knew,  
A second home she deem'd the mine.  
And thus the lovely " Jeffy " grew  
To be a maiden tall and fine :  
Her sunny ringlets were the theme  
Of many a miner's ev'ning song ;  
Her dark eyes, with their laughing gleam,  
Seemed meteors to the humble throng.  
Of many suitors, two there were,  
Keen, anxious rivals for her hand.  
One, " Michael," was the bravest there,  
An honour to the collier band :  
The other, " Basil," with dark brow,  
A fullen fellow deem'd at best,  
Yet many a warm, impassion'd vow  
Of his, was nursed in Jeffy's breast.  
Some said he drank,—“ an idle tale,”  
*She* knew him better than the herd ;

Some

Some thought he poach'd—her cheek grew pale,  
Why should she heed a "sland'rous word?"  
Young Michael was an orphan lad,  
His only hope in Jeffy lay;  
She called him spiritless and fad,  
And from his whispers turn'd away.  
One Sabbath eve, at Jeffy's gate,  
The rivals met with kindling eyes;  
Each fear'd the other's happier fate,  
Each trembled for the tender prize.  
At length young Michael, friend to peace,  
Said, "Basil, you must ask her now;  
"If she consents, my joy will cease,  
"But I to her free choice shall bow."  
Dark Basil nodded, enter'd in,  
Spoke to the father, pressed the maid;  
Poor Michael trembled, "He will win,  
"Why is her answer thus delay'd?"

At length it came, the word was "Yes,"  
 And Basil pleading haste withdrew.  
 He said to Michael, "Can you guess?"  
 That all was over Michael *knew*.  
 He only murmur'd, "Treat her well,"  
 And on the morrow left the mine :  
 Full soon the knowing gossips tell  
*Why* he enlisted for the line.  
 Fair Jeffy, Basil by her side,  
 Had not one tear for Michael's pain;  
 There could not be a happier bride—  
*His* loss was *her* most welcome gain.  
 But Sorrow's bitter cup was mix'd,  
 And shadows fell o'er Jeffy's lot :  
 Her wedding-day was scarcely fix'd,  
 When Death's cold footsteps near'd the spot.  
 How oft he takes his cruel stand  
 Where Hope and Pleasure pass'd before !

Their



Their scatter'd flowers in his hand  
Shall yield their fragrant breath no more !  
And yet he dwells near Mercy's feat,  
The kindest friend our God has giv'n ;  
We follow him with wearied feet  
To rest our trembling souls in Heav'n !

**Part III.**

THE morn was fair, and Jeffy rose  
Her father's early meal to share ;  
He breakfasts, kisses her, and goes  
Off to the pit, to perish there !  
A slacken'd rope, a careless hand,  
A basket turn'd, and all is o'er !  
Take up the body, weeping band,  
Those mangled limbs will move no more !  
And Jeffy comes, her dark eyes wild,  
Her lips apart in keen despair !  
Oh ! fight of anguish for his child,  
And thus to die without a prayer !  
In that dark moment, Basil's voice  
Had lost its pow'r,—God alone

Could

Could bid her stricken heart rejoice,  
And hearken to the orphan's groan.  
Another grief!—it had been thought  
Her father saved a yearly store ;  
But 'twas not so, and there was nought  
To pay for the black dress she wore !  
A blow to Basil ! was this all ?  
An empty house, a pauper bride ?  
He drank that night ; love turn'd to gall,  
He fought to cast all claims aside.  
He dared not leave her, lest the throng  
Should taunt him with the cruel deed.  
He knew *her* love was far too strong  
To perish, though her heart might bleed.  
He laid a plot with cruel aim,  
To wed her in some distant town,  
Then leave her, speak of her with shame ;  
Her woman's strength would soon break down !

Then,

'Then, free to lead a sinful life,  
Encumber'd by no legal tie,  
She dared not call herself his wife,  
For there should be no witness by.  
'Twas a dark deed ; he spoke of change,  
And by his words she soon was led  
In a vast northern city strange,  
An unknown priest the service read.  
He took her home, denied the fact,  
And dared her to assume his name.  
He hid her ring, oh ! cruel act !  
To load an orphan's lot with shame !  
She dared not speak, Hope all but fled,  
She meekly sat on his hearth-stone,  
And many a scalding tear was shed  
By that young wife, denied and lone.  
Her neighbours raised contemptuous eyes :  
They " thought as much, she was too grand ; "

" Poor

“ Poor Michael lost a wondrous prize !  
“ Such depth they could not understand.”  
And Basil fought to make her go ;  
He spoke of her in pitying tone :  
“ She will not leave me, and you know,  
“ Poor creature, she is all alone !”  
But Jeffy pray’d and waited still,  
Her conscience knew no guilt or shame ;  
Submissive to her Maker’s will,  
She felt that *He* could clear her name.  
Ere the long year had passed away,  
Poor Jeffy wept o’er Basil’s child,  
A little maiden—happy day !  
He would not drive a mother wild.  
“ Take it and go, ’tis nought to me,  
“ I’m wearied by this endless strife.”  
Then Jeffy bent her trembling knee,  
And pray’d to Basil as his wife :

“ Oh !

“ Oh ! not for me and my poor name  
“ I claim my hidden rights from thee ;  
“ Thy love is gone, and words of shame  
“ Have not the pow’r to torture me ;  
“ ’Tis for thy daughter,—from my breast  
“ She seems to urge a feeble cry !  
“ Shall she not know the shelter’d rest  
“ Of Home ? oh ! rather let her die !  
“ She is thy own ; in future years  
“ Her little hands may toil for thee.  
“ Give her thy name, and I with tears  
“ Will leave thy house, and set thee free.  
“ Wilt thou not take her ? must she bear  
“ Her mother’s sorrow, helpless thing ?  
“ Have mercy, Basil ! let me wear,  
“ For her dear sake, my wedding ring ?  
“ Nay, frown not, strike not ! if ’tis giv’n,  
“ We both will leave thee, seek no more,

“ For

“ For ne’er again, so help me Heav’n,  
“ Will I of thee a boon implore !”  
She ceased, and he from some dark nook  
Gave her the ring. She smiled, in vain ;  
He left her with his drunken look,—  
On earth they never met again !  
With lawless mates he poach’d that night,  
Then fought with them a sordid inn ;  
There play’d and drank till morning’s light  
Fell gently on the haunts of sin.  
Poor Jeffy, ere the fun was high,  
Stole gently from her lonely bed ;  
Striving to hush her infant’s cry,  
Away from that sad home she fled.  
She dared not stay ; he might once more  
Hide the mute witness of his vow !  
Her girlhood’s dream of love was o’er,  
His child was all she cherish’d now.

She

She meant to seek in the far west  
A sea-port town—her Aunt lived there ;  
To God she meekly left the rest,  
He would not scorn an orphan's prayer.  
She begg'd her way from spot to spot,  
With blister'd feet and wearied tread ;  
Hard words her portion, grief her lot,  
Maternal love her footsteps led.  
How dear that infant, who could guess !  
Kind mothers help'd her on her way,  
And thoughts of sorrow did not press,  
As in her arms it warmly lay.  
Oh, children ! CHRIST's own chosen flow'rs,  
The pearls of His eternal Throne,  
Still on your path His mercy show'rs,  
Still does He mark you for His own !  
He feeds the lambs, they sweetly sleep  
In safety on their Saviour's breast,

And



And when they die we should not weep,  
Their Shepherd lulls them into rest.  
Oh, mothers ! who give birth in shame,  
Why seek to cover sin with sin ?  
Your child may earn himself a name,  
In after years your bread may win.  
Treat well the charge your God has sent,  
Forfaken mothers, starving wives,  
There comes a fearful punishment  
To those who shorten infant lives !  
Poor Jeffy would in any case  
Have loved and treated well her child,  
Upon whose little, helpless face,  
No earthly father ever smiled.  
But there were days of keen despair,  
Unshelter'd nights, and thoughts of dread,  
Poor Jeffy of the sunny hair  
Could scarcely raise her feeble head.

Oh,

Oh, weary feet ! oh, tearful eyes !  
Oh, tender soul inured to strife !  
There yet remains a glorious prize,  
And hope ends not with mortal life.  
Poor Jessy nought of science knew,  
Of starry wonders, passing rare,  
Nor why the arch of Heav'n seem'd blue,  
She knew enough—her God was there !  
And on she went with patient trust,  
Her child her comfort, Faith her guide ;  
Through cold and wet, through heat and dust,  
So meek, and yet so sorely tried.  
At length, poor wand'rer, thin and pale,  
She reach'd the town, her Aunt lived near—  
A kindly dame, who heard her tale,  
And bade her welcome with a tear.  
Then fever came, and grief found vent  
In many a wild delirious cry,

Her

Her little strength was all but spent,  
Her infant safe, she well might die.  
'Twas not to be, her life was spared,  
She rose once more with grateful heart ;  
And, health returned, she gladly shared  
The household toil, and did her part.

No more poor Jeffy's cheek is pale,  
With glowing eyes her babe she lifts ;  
For they who pass through Sorrow's vale,  
Most justly prize their Maker's gifts.

**Part III.**

IN the old church's tott'ring pile,  
No human skill can prop for long,  
A christ'ning party fills the aisle,  
And Jessy stands amid the throng.  
Her outcast babe she offers there  
To One whose mercy alters not—  
Who promises a home more fair  
Than ever falls to mortal lot.  
Near the old font she kneels aside,  
Tears for the past suffuse her eyes;  
Once more she trembles as a bride,  
And Basil gives the golden prize.  
*This* the result—oh ! cruel fate !  
Can she forgive ? She has forgiv'n !

For

For him she prays—'tis not too late—  
And he may meet his wife in Heav'n !  
Did something fall? Was there a sound ?  
'Twas Jeffy's ring. Oh ! hapless day !  
Her hand was thin, the emblem round  
Slept gently off, and roll'd away !  
She knew it not,—her form was there,  
But her sad thoughts were in the past,  
When life was in its morning fair,  
No shadows o'er the future cast.  
She took her babe, upon whose brow  
The holy drops were shining still,  
And breathed a mother's fervent vow,  
To serve with it her Maker's will.  
The humble party left the fane,  
Their simple hearts with gladness fill'd ;  
Joy for the infant's glorious gain,  
No worldly thoughts their pleasure chill'd.

The modest christ'ning feast prepared,  
The little Jeffy's health the toast,  
Kind neighbours pray'd she might be spared  
To be her mother's dearest boast.  
That mother, ere an hour had fled,  
Missed the loved sign, and sought in vain ;  
In bitterness her tears were shed,  
To lose her treasure thus again.  
The aisle was searched without success  
(Beneath the font a crevice lay),  
Perhaps 'twas stolen—who could guess ?  
No, in that chink 'twas hid from day !  
And time passed on ; poor Jeffy sigh'd  
Whene'er she view'd her hand forlorn ;  
The voice of malice sternly tried  
To prove no ring was ever worn.  
Two years passed on, and Jeffy wrote  
To Basil oft, without reply.

Her

Her peaceful life events of note  
Disturb'd not, as it glided by.  
But justice had o'ertaken crime,  
And truth's soft accents spoke at last ;  
For Jeffy came a golden time—  
A recompense for sorrows past.  
One eve, her occupations o'er,  
She sat and watch'd the billows play ;  
Her home was on the pebbly shore,  
Beyond it stretch'd the gentle bay.  
And as she gazed, a step she heard—  
Why should her heart so wildly beat ?  
Could it be Michael ? Oh ! absurd,  
No more they twain on earth should meet !  
A moment more, and Michael stands  
Before her, as in by-gone days !  
She trembles as she clasps her hands,  
Her drooping eyes she dares not raise.

Had

Had she been his, a happier fate  
Than she deserved had been her own :  
She knew it now, alas ! too late,  
The punishment was hers alone.  
At length she spoke, and fain would hide  
From him her life's ill-fated tale ;  
But he began, " At Basil's side  
" I swore to seek thee without fail.  
" I come at Basil's last request  
" To tell you that his life is o'er.  
" He died repentant, and to rest  
" His God has laid him—ask no more !  
" Your wrongs are known, restored your name,  
" Your husband's written oath I bring."  
Here Michael started, " Whose the blame,  
" I see you wear no wedding ring ?"  
Then Jeffy, weeping, told the truth—  
How dear that symbol would be now,—



A link 'twixt womanhood and youth,  
 Sign of the widow's early vow.  
 And long they talk'd of him, the dead,  
 Whose faults should share his humble grave,  
 Above them Mercy's mantle spread,  
 They hoped in *One* who died to save.  
 And Basil's widow gladly heard  
 That he had pray'd to be forgiv'n,—  
 Had breathed her name, a dying word,  
 And left her to the care of Heav'n !  
 Then Michael's tale was simply told :  
 He had been wounded for the Crown,  
 Had been discharged, and paid to hold  
 An office in some distant town.  
 His promise kept, he said " Farewell,"  
 But parting, kissed the widow's child,  
 And Jeffy's Aunt would fliely tell  
 That at the moment *some one* smiled.

Two other years have quickly gone,  
And Jeffy treads the beach once more ;  
She smiles, for she is not alone,  
And Michael's footsteps press the shore.  
Ere long, within the old church tow'r,  
The ancient bells make merry sound,  
And, long deferr'd, his happiest hour  
To Michael comes, with blessings crown'd.  
And Jeffy guards her second ring  
With zealous care ;—there is no need,  
Her hand is rounder now, the Spring  
Of her life's day is come indeed.  
The harbour of her rest she gains,  
Her patient heart finds peace at last,  
Much happiness on earth remains,  
For love's oblivion hides the past.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh !

Oh, maidens ! learn from Jeffy's tale  
To ponder well ere you decide !  
How many a woman, worn and pale,  
Once deem'd herself a happy bride.  
But when the awful vows are made,  
Whate'er your portion, meekly bear ;  
The time will come, though long delay'd,  
When God shall hearken to your prayer.  
Hope often droops her shining wing,  
And Faith can own a sadden'd heart,  
Whilst Joy may hide, like Jeffy's ring,  
Once more on earth to play a part.

\* \* \* \* \*

Long years have passed, the old church aisles  
Are taken down, and some will sigh,—  
The heart clings to ancestral piles,  
Tho' nobler mouldings greet the eye.

Each

Each creaking stair, each narrow pew,  
Is swept away ; and on the spot  
A modern temple charms the view—  
So perfect, we regret them not.  
The font was moved, and in the dust  
Beneath was found a mildew'd ring,—  
Some sacred relic, and it must  
Be term'd a consecrated thing.  
How came it there? Mysterious prize,  
In the museum henceforth its place,  
Too precious for unlearned eyes,—  
A relic of a by-gone race !

Poor Jeffy of the funny hair,  
Whose spirit long since join'd the blest,  
Thy long-lost treasure still is there,  
But thou, the weary, art “at rest.”

*August, 1862.*

THE

## THE STARVING WEAVER'S PRAYER.

---

YE happy thousands, turn your gaze on me,  
And call our gentle Saviour's words to mind—  
“The poor are always with you.” Who would be  
Deaf to my prayer, or to my mis'ry blind?  
God knows how long my wife has slowly pined,  
How my poor infants clamour for their bread;  
Their little faces seem by sorrow lined,  
Their mother cannot warm them; weeks have sped,  
And still in gnawing want their father hangs his  
head.

Reproach us not with former want of care—  
In comfort *once*, the forer seems our need.

Ye wealthy thousands, from your tables spare  
Some scatter'd crumbs, our starving babes to feed !  
We can do nought but pray—our hearts must bleed,  
Our tears abound : the loom stands idly by ;  
Gaunt are the hands which used to urge its speed,  
Keen the despair in many a sunken eye.  
Oh ! is there help in man ? God, hear us, or we die !

Now gloomy winter comes to fill our cup  
Of cold and hunger to its dreadful brim,—  
Our beds are bare, our own poor rags torn up  
To shield our children, numb'd thro' ev'ry limb.  
This is our Saviour's birth-time. Oh ! thro' Him  
We hope to keep the lambs for whom He died  
From hunger's ling'ring death in torments grim :  
He chose the path of sorrow,—side by side  
His footsteps stood with Want!—In Him our hearts  
confide.

'Tis

'Tis everywhere the same : a father worn  
To premature decay ; the mother's breast  
Torn by the cries of babes in hunger born ;  
Days of deep anguish, nights of troubled rest ;  
The war still raging in the far-off West  
To plunge us all in woe ! God, hear and save,  
Dispose kind hearts to help us with keen zest,  
Or we must end our lengthen'd struggles brave,  
And seek with those we love, a not unwelcome  
grave!

*November 30, 1862.*

## GONE HOME !

---

GONE home ! A good man sinks to rest,  
And fobs convulse a nation's breast—

Her Prince is gone !

Gone home ! In prime of manly power,  
No prayers delay'd the untoward hour—

His work was done !

A sleeping city starts ! What means that midnight  
knell ?

It echoes to the air a kingdom's sad farewell !

Her Queen is lone !

Her good Prince gone !

Gone home ! Gone home !

Gone



Gone home ! Oh, husband, father, friend !

Thy God was with thee to the end,

Man's help is none !

Thy gain is great ! Thy crown is given,—

No breath of envy enters Heaven.

God's will be done !

Thou art with Him who guided thee below,

And thou hast thy reward ; but still the flow

Of England's grief

Knows no relief.

Gone home ! Gone home !

Gone home ! From earth's most dazzling scenes,

From all the treasure science gleans,

Gone far away !

Cut down in youth ! Thy shorten'd span

A warning gives to finite man

To “ watch and pray ! ”

Alas !

Alas ! thy star is set to fond, admiring eyes,  
In Heaven to shine again, in brighter, purer guise.

That great mind free !

Oh, GOD ! to Thee

Gone home ! Gone home !

Gone home ! this month of all the year !

But CHRIST shall bless our tribute tear,—

Let England weep !

The holly wreath and cypress bough

Must sadly blend together now,

And Mirth shall sleep !

The echo of our Prince's fun'ral bell

Shall herald in our chasten'd Christmas well.

One whom we loved,

Whose care we proved.

Gone home ! Gone home !

Gone

Gone home ! The Royal Widow heard,  
Upheld by GOD, each dying word  
With anguish keen !

Her little flock in prayer knelt by,  
Her people murmur'd with a sigh,  
“GOD save the Queen !”

For He alone can save ; and by His tender hand  
Our monarch shall be soothed, and cheer'd her stricken  
She is not lone, [land.  
Though one is gone,  
Gone home ! Gone home !

Gone home ! The year is almost dead,—  
How few passed o'er that royal head  
By wisdom stored.

Alas ! e'en now a sound from far  
Speaks to our heavy hearts of war,—  
Oh, help us, LORD !

Our

Our Sov'reign's love is wreck'd—her earthly guide is  
gone !

A Prince's voice is hush'd—a Royal heart left lone !

The dying year

Says with a tear,

“ Gone home ! Gone home ! ”

*December 17, 1861.*

ENIGMA.

No I.

---

'Tis first in my song, it inspires my muse,  
And Syrens without it their sweetness would lose ;  
In pathos of music 'tis wafted above,  
Its whispers are heard in the passion of love.  
It soars in the sky, in the senate takes place,  
And heads ev'ry sport, tho' it lags in the chase.  
The soldier it loves, for it sharpens his sword ;  
It heads the proud ship with the sailor on board !  
The sun's brightest ray by its help must be shed,  
Tho' it hurls forth the storm o'er the mariner's head.  
It falls on the grass in the softening show'r  
And blooms mid the roses of summer's fair bow'r.

It

It has the first share in her Majesty's smile,  
 In silence it dwells in the midst of her isle. ✕  
 The bright stars of Heaven without it would lack,  
 Or change to a substance adhesive and black. ✕  
 In " Paradise Lost " it begins the sublime, ✕  
 With Shakspeare immortal it lives beyond time;  
 With sorrow it weeps o'er the grave of the dead;  
 It supported the soul which to Heav'n is fled.  
 It dwells in the *flesh*, yet in *Spirit* it flies  
 To that glorious shore where the soul never dies.  
 And no wisdom without it existing could be,  
 Though with Sappho it sprang to the depths of the  
 sea.<sup>1</sup>

*January, 1852.*

## A PRAYER TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

---

OH, HOLY SPIRIT ! come,  
And in my stony heart  
Thy dwelling take ;  
For, by thy gentle art,  
Which well performs its part,  
Me holy Thou canst make.

Sweet Charity infuse,  
That never dreams of ill,  
And loveth all :  
It hath to foes good-will,  
And treats them kindly still,  
And sorrows if they fall.

With

With gentle, open palm,  
It gives a loving dole,  
    Makes sickness flee !  
Bright jewel of the soul,  
Which makes it pure and whole,  
    I pray Thee, come to me !

Oh, Spirit ! take away  
My overweening pride,  
    Which governs all :  
It scorns, and will deride,  
Loves others' faults to chide,  
    And comes before a fall.

Give singleness of heart  
And purity to me—  
    They are not mine ;



I pray alone to Thee  
To send this gift to me,  
Which is so truly Thine.

Subdue the angry storms  
Which rise within my breast,  
By Thy power.  
Give calm and holy rest,  
Which makes its owner blest,  
Bright Heaven's own flower !

Oh ! give me self-denial,  
That I may learn to yield  
My stubborn will :  
'Tis not a sword to wield,  
It is a tranquil shield  
To ward off ev'ry ill. !

'Neath

'Neath Virtue's narrow bridge  
The keystone of the arch  
Is self-denial :  
With slow and steady pace,  
Strong in the Spirit's grace  
It conquers each trial.

Oh, Spirit of the LORD !  
Give me the placid mind  
Which envies not :  
Contented, cheerful, kind,  
Unwilling to be blind  
To its immortal lot !

Oh ! make me strictly just  
In everything I say,  
In all I do ;

That

That I may tread the way  
Of virtue every day,  
Impartial, strict, and true !

Oh, HOLY SPIRIT ! come,  
And in my stony heart  
Thy dwelling take ;  
For by Thy gentle art,  
Which well performs its part,  
Me holy Thou canst make.

1853.

## THE SPIRIT OF MOUNT PILATUS..

---

A GIANT link, Pilatus, seems thy form,  
Between the world of mountains and our earth !  
Thou misty, stern foreteller of the storm,  
Which from thy craggy womb receives its birth,  
Call forth thy pris'ner, bid thy waters rise,  
And cast upon thy shore their guilty dead ;  
Hide well that burden from all mortal eyes,  
And rear above the corpse thy pointed head.  
By thy dim lake there flits a shady guest,  
A form of frenzy, dark from Sin's despair ;  
It shrieks with awe, and strikes its guilty breast,  
For all the fiends of hell seem raging there.  
Hark to its piteous wail ! Thy naked rocks,  
Oh mountain ! seem to echo back the sound ;

An

And to that restless soul the awful shocks  
Of loofen'd fragments, rolling to the ground,  
Have pow'r to say, "There is no hope for thee,  
"Thou murderer of CHRIST! No angels here  
"Will save *thy* foot in falling! Where is He  
"Whom angels tend,—the banisher of fear,  
"Whose power bends destruction to His will?  
"Dost wish, oh tortured soul! to taste repose?  
"Then fall with us! Hadst thou the pow'r to kill,  
"Yet canst not slay thyself? Thou enviest those  
"Who feel no pain!" The dread word "Crucify"  
Affails the spirit next, and rings again  
With bitter hate. Once more the Hebrews cry,  
And mem'ry shows the Saviour mock'd in pain!  
Now moonlight rests on those misshapen crags,  
Whose cruel summits seem to pierce her breast;  
Tall Alpine trees, flapping the wind, like flags,  
Glean silver fragments from her radiant vest;

The

The homes of man lie shelter'd in the vale ;  
Lucerne's calm lake, enamour'd of the sky,  
Paints it within her bosom ; not a fail  
Shadows her deep repose ; and sleeping nigh,  
Rest happy thousands. Pilate knows no sleep !  
His curst spirit, scared by keen remorse,  
Tortures the mountain ;—cries, but cannot weep ;  
And ever sees one bleeding, sacred corse !  
Unhappy Pilate ! hid within the cloud,  
Thou canst not hide from God's all-searching eye !  
Are caves thy dark abode ? the mist thy shroud ?  
In vain,—*thy* victim is for ever nigh.  
When children point to those dark crags of gloom,  
And ask, " Why rests he not beneath the sod ? "  
Fathers respond, " No elements entomb  
" The coward judge who did not fear his God ! " 2

*November, 1854.*

## THE YOUNG HERO OF INKERMEN.

---

BRIGHT hopes of boyhood ! blossoming each day,  
Cheering this dull existence with their bloom,  
Soothing the sorrows of the world's rough way,  
And casting many a halo o'er the tomb,—  
In the young soldier's heart your place assume,  
And make therein your chosen dwelling-place ;  
Albeit so young, his seems a fearful doom,  
For he must run with Death a doubtful race,  
Far from his father's side, his mother's fond embrace.

We think of one whose presence haunts us now :  
The breath of war was fatal to our race ;

Our

Our hero died ere yet his young, fair brow  
Bore of an early grief the fleeting trace.  
He left us to look danger in the face ;  
For him the voice of fancy spoke of fame.  
He long'd in glory's rank to take his place,  
And add new splendour to an honour'd name,—  
'Tis loved in one dear home from whence our hero  
came.

He longs to join the noble-hearted band,  
Who, fearing nothing, breast the tide of fate ;  
And if they fall, in falling save their land—  
Young gallant victims to a despot's hate.  
His pow'r they crush, and save a helpless state ;  
They sleep in death where their last sigh was giv'n,—  
Struck down to-day ; *but* yesterday elate  
With thoughts of pride, which well may be forgiv'n—  
Felt in a righteous cause, approved by God in Heav'n.

Nor



Nor can his father from all pride refrain,  
To see his son a member of the brave ;  
In dreams his own bright boyhood comes again,  
Fighting for England in the hope to save :  
Unheeded falls the shadow of the grave,  
Dismissed the thoughts of woe, or mention'd  
not :

More for a son a father could not crave ;  
It seems to both an enviable lot—  
To conquer or to fall, nor in that fall forgot !

Not so his mother : her fond heart is wrung,  
And fain would crave a short and blest delay.  
To him, her firstborn son, each hope that clung  
Seems scatter'd now in terror's dark dismay !  
With streaming eyes to Heaven she doth pray,  
Invoking Providence to guard his fate.  
“Thy will be done,” with meekness hear her say;

“ Teach

“ Teach him to feel how helpless is his state,  
“ And turn his heart to Thee before it be too late.”

His little brothers lose a playmate kind,  
His sister her companion and her friend,—  
Like him there is none other ; can she find  
A heart like his, whose fondness knows no end ?  
She begs him, almost fearing to offend,  
To stay his hand from rashness in the fight.  
In spirit would she fain his steps attend,  
To guard his life by day, his rest by night,  
Suggesting dreams of home—a future of delight.

And oh ! the parting ! Words can never paint  
The desolation of that dismal hour,  
When fears mount high, and cherish'd hopes grow  
faint,  
And pride can boast no more her fleeting pow'r !

His

His father's heart had deem'd itself a tow'r,  
Proof against weakness, steel'd by waning years ;  
Yet from his eyes there falls a tender show'r  
Of sorrow's drops ;—these are the parting tears,  
And dreams of glory fade before a host of fears.

The mother's woe lies in her breast conceal'd,  
Though sobs disturb'd the midnight hour of rest,  
And terrors of the future, unreveal'd,  
Make secret havoc in her anxious breast.  
But in her parting this could scarce be guessed :  
She gives no voice to her absorbing dread,  
All sad emotions are with care repress'd ;  
She showers blessings on her loved one's head,  
And lets him not perceive how much her heart has bled !

His sister steals a lock of shining hair,  
And hides it in a paper often kiss'd :

Its filken threads will form a bracelet fair,  
To twine around his weeping mother's wrist.  
Her hand, which from her eyes has dash'd a mist  
Of tears, had painted his young noble head  
Upon the clasp. Ah ! little did she wist  
That soon the tears, by wildest sorrow shed,  
Would fall upon that face, the likeness of the dead.

And they are left ! The child, the friend, is gone,  
And sobs are heard where his last kiss was giv'n !  
They form a circle, but each heart feels lone,  
The links of happiness and home are riv'n.  
No longer can they strive, as they have striv'n,  
To wear a smile which scarcely plays its part ;  
Faults are forgotten, little things forgiv'n,  
The highest tribute paid to his warm heart,  
And deeply Sorrow wounds with keenly-sharpen'd  
dart.

He

He goes, and fondly flings a parting gaze  
 Upon the home he may not see again.  
 Shall he return, all clad in glory's praise,  
 To banish from it ev'ry thought of pain ?  
 His young heart bounds in triumph ; all in vain  
 Do whisper'd warnings float across his breast ;  
 He sees the foe lie heap'd around him slain,—  
 Of youthful heroes he will prove the best,  
 And our noblest Abbey may shelter his long  
     rest.

Repressing tears, he leaves his native shore,—  
 There his sad father stands to wave farewell ;  
 Then burst the bitter drops their icy door,  
 And lave the cheek where those last kisses fell.  
 His father watches, o'er the blue waves' swell,  
 The bark which bears his life's delight away.  
 Pale with a dread no pow'rs of hope expel,

He

He turns to struggle through the weary day,  
Steeling his heavy heart, which seems to lose its  
stay.

Behold, where now the object of his fear  
Watches the shell fulfil its dread behest !  
The earth vibrates around him ; and more dear  
Seems life when guns are pointing to the breast.  
He makes to Heav'n one hasty, sad request :  
“ If I must fall, let me in fight expire,  
“ Not linger on in torture's broken rest ;  
“ And ere I fall a victim to the fire,  
“ May the great day be ours,—a victory entire !”

The prayer was heard ; and as the day grows late,  
The ball brings death to that young noble head.  
He sinks to earth, too conscious of his fate,  
Each buoyant limb falls heavily as lead.

A comrade bends o'er what he deems the dead,  
 Wiping his brow, which dust and blood-drops stain ;  
 His pale lips open once, some words are said—  
 "Tell all at home I hope to meet again !"—  
 One sigh ! and he is gone beyond the reach of  
 pain.

One moment gives us life, one more *as* brief  
 Dismisses us immortal ! There he lies,  
 Calm and majestic, past all pain and grief,  
 A smile denoting he has won the prize ;  
 Whilst Angels, watching with their loving eyes,  
 Protect from scorn his spirit's house of clay—  
 A home no more ! On happy wings he flies  
 To those fair worlds where death can boast no  
 fway,  
 No warlike rumours rise, no pow'rs of man  
 betray ;

And

And Angels waft his dying thought of joy,—  
 That hope of meeting in another sphere,—  
 To the sad hearts that wildly mourn their boy,  
 And feel that death has made him doubly dear.  
 His father groans, yet scarcely sheds a tear,  
 And seems to brave the bitter blast of woe;  
 But weeping eyes are watching him in fear,  
 Left Time, for once, inopportunately flow,  
 Should fail to heal the wound, which pains, but will  
                   not show.

Oh, radiant Hope ! thou canst not wake again  
 The fond anticipation which misled :  
 Grief governs now despotic ; Hope in vain  
 Would try to cheer the heart and raise the head.  
 But she takes no denial ; soon is shed  
 A ray from her bright sunshine o'er the cloud :  
 No longer seems the sky all darkly spread—

Their



Their hearts no more in agony are bow'd,  
For prayers are sent to Heav'n, and promises are vow'd.

And years roll on ; his name is mention'd not ;  
His mem'ry seems to sleep,—ah ! 'tis not so.  
Sorrows there are which may appear forgot,  
But does the heart forget to nurse them ? No !  
See his poor mother that dear portrait show,  
Where still she sees him, ardent, fair, and young ;  
She kisses it and weeps, as long ago  
She kissed him when his arms were round her flung,  
Taking his last farewell. How much her heart was  
                  wrung!

And hear his father tell the mournful tale  
To younger children, trembling as they hear ;  
His cheeks still sad, his looks more wan and pale,  
Whilst watchful eyes can mark the rising tear.

Those

Those youthful voices murmur, as in fear,  
“ He longs for one who cannot come again,  
“ The early lost, for ever doubly dear,  
“ Our eldest brother, who, on that dread plain,  
“ His spirit gave to God, his body to the slain.”

1855.

## QUEEN KATHERINE'S DREAM.

FROM HENRY VIII.

---

SPIRITS fair, too soon departed,  
Whither, whither are ye fled ?  
Leave me not, thus broken-hearted,  
Widow'd, ere my mate be dead.  
Angels, wherefore show me flowers,  
Dazzling quite these tearful eyes,  
If I may not count the hours  
Till my soul receives the prize ?  
Faithful maidens, near me weeping,  
Saw ye no unearthly light ?

Watch'd

Watch'd ye well whilst I was sleeping ?

Mark'd ye not th' angelic flight ?

Surely grief had fled for ever,

In my dream my soul had rest ;

Henry ! husband ! never, never,

Torture thus another breast !

She, who always fought thy pleasure,

She, who never crossed thy will,

Still thy wife, and once thy treasure,

Why not love her fondly still ?

Gentle nurses, in my sorrow

Making love my only throne,

Will the sunrife of to-morrow

See you weeping here alone ?

Scatter flowers, if you love me,

Pure and fragrant o'er my bier ;

Let no evil tongue reprove me,

Henry was my idol here !

May

May our infant daughter never  
Let his heart forget the past ;  
See, my dream returns !—for ever !—  
Katherine finds peace at last.

1856.

ENIGMA.

No. II.

---

IN misery 'tis ever long,  
In happiness too short ;  
Unknown amid th' angelic throng,  
It stops at Heaven's port.  
It chafes youth's bright hopes away,  
And yet beneath its wing  
It hides a balm to cheer the day  
Of sorrow's keenest sting.  
It brings each pleasure to our arms,  
And softens ev'ry cross ;  
And yet, unmindful of its charms,  
We scarcely feel its loss.

Oh !

Oh ! love it better—use it well !  
It must forsake us all,  
And many bleeding hearts could tell  
They yearn for its recall.  
Oh ! treasure it each precious hour  
With anxious care to save,  
And recollect it has the power  
To lead us to the grave !<sup>3</sup>

*December 2nd, 1856.*

**Translations.**



**THE LOVERS AT THE STAKE.**

FROM TASSO.

THUS were they fasten'd to the dreadful stake,  
The flames already glitter at their feet,  
When the poor youth, in tones of anguish, spake  
To her, in this dread hour companion sweet,  
“ In raging fires are we thus doom'd to meet,  
“ Oh, dear one, whom I destined for my bride ?  
“ Is this a flame a lover's lip to greet ?  
“ My dreams of rapture cruel Fates deride,  
“ And she I loved so well dies tortured by my  
fide !

“Oh !



“ Oh flames more gentle, promised me by love,  
“ My heart your thrilling fire shall never share !  
“ Divided thus, are there no realms above  
“ In which our souls to bask in joy may dare ?  
“ But dying thus, in tortures strange and rare,  
“ I worship Death, since by thy side I die ;  
“ Be these our nuptials, *thou* my consort fair,  
“ The stake our altar, and my parting sigh,  
“ For thy sad fate alone, breathe anguish to the  
    sky !”

“ Oh ! welcome, Death ! my martyrdom is sweet,  
“ Thus breast to breast our loving souls shall part ;  
“ Thy lips my own in this last hour shall meet,  
“ And close to mine shall throb thy dying heart :  
“ My hope in life, my *all* in death thou art.”  
So spoke the lover, and his ardent eyes  
Were dim with tears : he sorrow'd to depart

From

From this fair world ; but she, his gentle prize,  
Soothed him with noble words of counsel, firm and  
wife :

“ Dear friend, thy thoughts are falling short of Heaven !  
“ Oh ! spend these last few moments not on me ;  
“ Recall thy sins, and pray to be forgiven,—  
“ Our God is gracious when we bend the knee.  
“ If borne for Him, sweet will our torments be,  
“ And Paradise shall prove our dwelling bright.  
“ The sun above us shines, and thoughts of glee  
“ My bosom cheer, beneath his wondrous light.  
“ Oh ! gaze above with hope, to us comes no more  
night ! ”

*October, 1857.*

## THE ADIEUX OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

A TRANSLATION OF NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL SPEECH TO HIS GUARDS,  
MADE IN THE GREAT COURT IN FRONT OF THE PALACE AT  
FONTAINEBLEAU.

---

PROUD soldiers of my noble Guard  
Receive my last farewell !  
Your glory brings its own reward,  
Yet envies those who fell.  
For twenty years Napoleon's arm  
Has proudly led you on ;  
Your eyes, which ne'er beheld alarm,  
Have seen half Europe won.  
And now that Fortune lets me fall,  
And guides my path no more,

Your

Your hearts still own me, one and all,  
Your leader as before.  
And, did I wish to mount again  
The throne I raised so high,  
My foes' appeal to arms were vain,  
If you, my Guards, were nigh !  
Though France deserts me, bids me go,  
That France to me still dear,  
No strife for me shall wake her woe,  
Nor cause a single tear.  
I yield my claims to spare the land  
I never can forget :  
I go ; but you, my glorious band,  
May live to save her yet.  
Her wealth, her bliss, were all I fought,  
And still shall be my prayer—  
May France with every joy be fraught,  
Without Napoleon there.

Weep

Weep not for me, I still may live  
To see you shine once more ;  
And History the tale shall give  
Of battles won before.  
Farewell, my children ! could I press  
Each dear one to my heart,  
My inward fervent prayer should bless  
Each soldier ere we part.  
Soldiers, farewell ! continue brave ;  
My sons, be ever true ;  
Napoleon, till he seeks his grave,  
Will always pray for you.  
Where'er you go, believe me nigh  
My heart shall ever be ;  
And let " Napoleon " be the cry  
That leads to victory !

*August* 18, 1855.

FROM

1  
FROM THE ITALIAN.

---

THE Past has no place  
Save what memory gives,  
The Future exists but  
In hope that deceives.

The Present alone  
Has a moment of breath,  
Our bosom it enters,  
And hastens to death.

So does our mortal life contain  
Sad memories, vain hopes, and present pain !

*November, 1856.*

ACROSTICS.

**Acrostics.**



ON JOHN BYNG.

---

J USTICE, with horror, saw thy cruel fate,  
O h child of Neptune, his poor martyr'd son !  
How many tears were shed for thee, too late,  
N o friendly voice forbade the murd'ring gun.

B ritain ! a hundred years have passed away,  
Y et Byng's sad memory reproves thee still ;  
N or can we pass without a sigh this day,  
G rieving that England once was prompt to kill.

*March 14, 1857.*

ON TROJAN.

---

T I M E passes on ; but these ancestral halls  
R etain thy likeness, Trojan, on their walls.  
O 'er Sundorne's fertile meads, by Severn nurfed,  
J uft pride of Corbet's pack, thy fpeed was firft.  
A fhadow of the paff, we love thy name,  
N or lofe the fervant's in his mafter's fame.<sup>4</sup>

1860.



ON SHAKESPEAR.

---

S HALL we complain that Europe's greatest bard  
Has no interpreter ? that Fate, too hard  
A nd stern, has closed her gate ? No ! in our day  
K indly it opes, and Fechter leads the way :  
E ach poet's dream embodied by his power,  
S weet Avon's swan forefaw no drearer hour.  
P ossessed of life, th' immortal pictures move,  
E nforce our pity and awake our love ;  
A gain we commune with the countless dead,  
R evere the past, nor think of it as fled.

1861.

MEMENTO

**Memento Mori.**



**TO A MOTHER'S MEMORY,**

**BY HER CHILDREN, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER DEATH.**

---

DEAR Mother, whom our childish eyes have seen,  
But whose fair face our mem'ry cannot paint,  
Still the fond heart remembers ! thou hast been,  
And art, our mother still, our guardian faint.  
This day beheld thee die, and twenty years  
Have not effaced the footprints of the past ;  
Thy children's eyes this day o'erflow with tears,  
Their earliest sorrow must for ever last.  
Thy fate was sad—so young, so good, yet gay,  
Adorn'd with treasures both of heart and mind,

To

To wither inch by inch, and day by day,—  
In all thy pain, thy pale lips ne'er repined.  
Alone to die ! no kindly voice to speak  
Some soothing words before a change so vast ;  
No loving lips to press thy gentle cheek,  
No arms to hold thee as thy spirit passed !  
Alone to die ! to seek an unknown shore,  
With none to share the foretaste of thy bliss ;  
No power to bless each darling child once more,  
Or to receive their father's parting kiss !  
And yet our little voices in the hall  
May have been music to thy dying ear :  
Thy lips perchance a faint farewell let fall,  
And GOD alone observed the final tear.  
His Book was by thee, and we dare not say  
Whether thou wast in that dread hour alone ;  
Thy Saviour was not far, and endless day  
Received the soul whose earthly toil was done.

Thy

Thy children love thee still ! thy name is sweet !  
Always to them this day seems dark and sad ;  
Their dearest hope is once again to meet,  
All in the image of their Maker clad.  
Thy second-born has joined thee ; but thine eyes  
Follow some wanderers on this weary earth ;  
Death cannot sever : he confirms the ties  
Which bind us to the authors of our birth.  
Farewell, dear mother !—" yet a little while,"  
And Heaven's delight shall banish thoughts of woe ;  
Together may we share our Saviour's smile,  
And find the mother lost too soon below.

1858.

A SISTER TO A BROTHER'S SPIRIT.

(SET TO THE AIR OF THE "CONVENT BELL.")

---

Oh, Brother ! whom I loved,  
Perchance too dearly,  
The lapse of time has proved  
My heart still near thee !  
It holds thy image still,  
Its dreary void to fill,  
Though Death, with finger chill,  
Had broke it nearly.

Oh, Brother ! thou alone  
Not at my wedding !  
Thy sister, still thine own,  
A tear is shedding.

No

No kifs from thee to have !  
Around thy diftant grave,  
Atlantic billows lave—  
No feet are treading.

To \* \* \* \* \* on that day,  
Prove thou haft miffed her ;  
Oh ! let her fondly fay  
Thy lips have kiffed her !  
In fpirit join the prayer,  
That GOD would give that pair  
The Heaven thou doft fhare,—  
Be near thy fifter !

1856.

TO AN INFANT WHO DIED IN THE  
YEAR 1860.

---

BORNE from my arms to breathe angelic air,  
Wafted to Heaven on the wings of prayer,  
My Sybil rests in peace !  
I pray'd that happiness might be her lot,  
But in my fondest visions still forgot  
All earthly joys must cease !

The Sabbath sun shined on her dying brow  
A ray from Him who claims her spirit now,  
Who lent her for awhile.  
Most blessed child ! upon thy tiny bier  
I dropp'd reluctantly a parting tear,  
For thou didst seem to smile.

Sweet

Sweet flowers of earth lie on thy bosom cold,  
Thy blue eyes now thy Father's face behold !

Why do our hearts repine ?

Thy little sister has no joys to come

Compared to those which wait thy welcome home :

A happier lot is thine !

*April, 1860.*



### THE LOST TRIO.

---

THREE are taken ! Three are fled !  
Three, our early, blessed, dead !  
Far from sorrow, safe at rest,  
Three lie on their Saviour's breast.  
Flow'rets three, escaped our love,  
Blossom new in realms above ;  
Three, life's stony path scarce trod,  
Now invite our steps to God !  
In our hearts a pang remains,  
Sorrow for their earthly pains ;  
Oft unbidden to our eyes  
Tears for blighted buds arise !

Mem'ry

Mem'ry clings to vanish'd hours,  
When our three immortal flow'rs  
Seem'd to give us promise fair,  
Fleeting scenes on earth to share.  
But o'er Sorrow's sable pall  
Rays of hope in mercy fall,  
To show us, far beyond the grave,  
Our children safe with God who gave !

1861.

MACAULAY.

MACAULAY.

---

REST in the Abbey ! none of purer fame  
To Westminster's great death-roll lend a name !  
With mind unshatter'd, frame unbent by years,  
Macaulay dies, and leaves the world in tears !  
Who more has stirr'd our hearts to love the land  
Where Liberty and Peace join hand in hand ?  
Whose melting lays have touch'd our feelings more,  
Inspiring love where all was cold before ?  
Historian of our hearts ! with the sad bell  
Which tolls for thee, all England breathes a knell.  
Time ushers in the new-born year with gloom,  
The date of which shall mark Macaulay's tomb ;

And

And tears are trembling on Britannia's cheeks  
 For the first writer of the tongue she speaks ;  
 Whose thoughts unfulled, clad in lofty style,  
 Built for their temple an eternal pile,  
 With words like Grecian columns of the past,  
 Whose gorgeous beauty shall for ever last.  
 We do not mourn alone—a sister sphere  
 O'er Irving's grave but lately dropt a tear ;  
 And with us now the wide world mourns the day  
 Which saw Macaulay's spirit pass away !  
 We weep not for him that his life is o'er,  
 But for ourselves, who hear his voice no more ;  
 For eloquence unmatched, and genius flown  
 From the great senate where it reign'd alone.  
 Death came too quickly ! on the old year's breast,  
 He hush'd Macaulay to eternal rest.

1859.

ON

ON THE DEATH OF H.R.H. THE  
DUCHESS OF KENT.

---

DEATH has led the feet of Sorrow  
To fair England's royal home—  
Thoughts of many a clouded morrow  
To "Victoria's" bosom come.  
One she loved, revered, and cherish'd,  
One who taught her noble deeds,  
Slowly into dust has perish'd,  
And the heart of England bleeds.  
Far from all the scenes of glory,  
Where the child she loved so well  
Reigns, to leave a name in story  
Which may act as Virtue's spell;  
Far from all the little flow'rs  
Blooming on that precious stem,

She

AND SOON TO

For the first time

Whole world

Built on the

With world

Whole world

We are

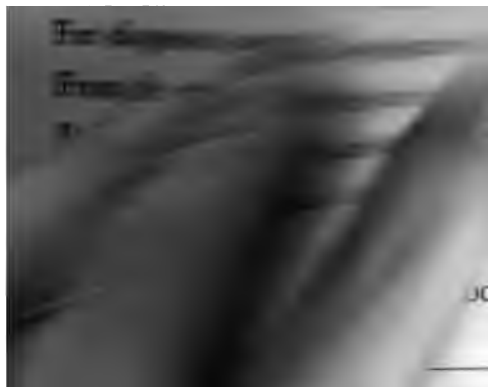
For the first time

AND SOON TO

When we

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above



ON THE DEATH OF A LADY AGED 98.

---

CLOSE her eyes to mortal sorrow,  
Long they gazed on earth's dull stage,  
Few the joys her life could borrow  
Stranded on the shores of Age!  
Like a ship whose crew has perish'd,  
Like a tree whose leaves are shed,  
Ev'ry friend her youth had cherish'd  
From the world before her fled.  
Fold the hands which labour'd nearly  
In God's work a hundred years ;  
Let the poor, who loved her dearly,  
Pay their humble meed of tears.

All

All her joys on earth seem'd ended,  
Must she pray and linger still?  
God, the helpless poor befriended,  
Sparing her to work His will!  
Dead to earthly care and pleasure  
Had her spirit been for long,  
Heaven claim'd her heart's best treasure,  
Bade her join its faintly throng.  
Solemn masses echoed sadly  
Near the couch of final pain,  
She, who met her summons gladly,  
Had not served her God in vain.  
Through the Vale of Shadows dreary,  
Darken'd by Death's sable wings,  
Faith upheld her footsteps weary,  
Led her to the "King of Kings!"<sup>6</sup>

*August, 1861.*

PORTUGAL'S



PORTUGAL'S PRAYER FOR HER  
SOVEREIGN.

---

KNEELING, tearful, broken-hearted,  
Stunn'd by Sorrow's second blow,  
Sunshine from her shore departed,  
Portugal's bright hopes are low.  
Hark ! a cry of lamentation  
Mingles with her prayer to Heaven :—  
" Spare, O GOD ! this stricken nation,  
Save the King Thy grace has given.  
Few his years when she who bore him  
Left him on her trembling throne ;  
He has saved it ; oh ! restore him,  
Shield him till his work be done.

Life's fair morn of dazzling vision  
Seem'd to him the working hour ;  
Justice, mercy, mild decision,—  
They were his, unspoilt by pow'r.  
He, our King, with strength inspired,  
Lately watch'd the bed of death,  
Stood with patience, all untired,  
Close to Fever's blighting breath.  
He, with robes of earthly glory,  
Daily fought to bear the cross,  
Listen'd to the poor man's story,  
Cheer'd the mourner in his loss.  
God, who watch'd him meekly trying  
In his youth to serve his LORD,  
Strengthen'd him to soothe the dying,  
And delay'd Death's poison'd sword :  
Thus preserved, the clouds of danger  
Seem'd averted by our prayer ;

Soon

Soon, a lovely bridal stranger  
Comes, our grateful love to share.  
Short the time, and sweet the hours,  
To that royal couple given—  
Wither'd, like her myrtle flowers,  
“ Stéphanie ” blooms now in Heaven.

Portugal in desolation,  
Mourn'd her monarch's lonely lot,  
Pedro, weeping with his nation,  
Still in anguish murmur'd not :  
Now, the muffled bell of sorrow  
Seems once more about to toll ;  
Shall the radiant host to-morrow,  
Welcome Pedro's ransom'd soul ? ”

\* \* \* \* \*

Hush ! it is the evening hour,  
Mercy's gentle wings are spread,

He,

He, your King, is passed from pow'r,  
God has laid him with the dead.  
Dead ! ah no ! your King is *living*  
Safe with One who rules above,  
Who, Almighty, kind, forgiving,  
Shall protect you with His love.

*November, 1861.*

## AN APPEAL FOR NEW HARTLEY.

---

THE hour of work was come ;—a stalwart band  
Their humble homes forsook with cheerful tread ;  
Some went with sons they loved, some waved the hand  
To happy wives, who knew no thought of dread.  
Some on that day commenced their toil for bread,  
And, full of hope, went whistling on their way :  
They too would earn a home, they too would wed,  
For them the sun shone on that wintry day ;  
And thus they near'd the pit : who thought of  
death ? Did they ?

We may not guess. Perchance a whisper'd prayer  
Rose to their Maker as they sank from sight,

And

And slowly enter'd darkness. Who shall dare  
To say the soul does ne'er foresee her flight?  
Down in those gloomy passages of night,  
They seek the fable wealth past ages gave;  
Old hands instruct the new, all hearts are light,  
Though humid walls shut in those hard-work'd  
brave,—  
Alas! so near their end, they toil within their grave!

For such that grim pit proved. One crash! no more,  
And Death draws near in his most dread domain!  
Sounds of distress pierce through; but all is o'er,  
One giant tomb engulphs the living slain.  
Their hearts beat madly, but they beat in vain;  
Where Darkness rules, Hope in her terror flies.  
Strong in despair, they strike, again! again!  
For Home's dear hearth they struggle, sweetest prize!  
Are no kind Angels near? In health each prisoner  
dies! None

None lived to tell their pain ! but CHRIST was near,  
He pierced that fatal cave fresh hope to bring ;  
Deep in earth's cold embrace He calm'd their fear,  
And robb'd the stern Destroyer of his sting.  
Death flew them gently, for a mightier King,  
Unloosed the bands no mortal help had riv'n—  
They slept at last beneath God's boundless wing.  
E'en in that noisome grave new life was giv'n ;  
Entomb'd, as once their LORD, they rose through  
Him to Heav'n.

With them “ ’tis well ; ” but desolation reigns  
Above their sepulchre : their women mourn  
They were not by to soothe their dear ones' pains :  
This is their bitt'rest thought. Left sad and lorn,  
They think not of themselves ; but their new-born,  
Their little orphans, must they drop and die ?  
Is ev'ry father lost ? By sorrow torn

Thus

Thus wail the broken-hearted ; but their cry  
Is not unheard by One, who wipes the mourner's  
eye.

But recently their gentle Sov'reign's woe  
Caused these to weep, and now their pangs she  
shares.

Sweet was her sympathy ! they loved to know  
“ Victoria,” in her sorrow, grieved for theirs.  
“ Blessed are they that mourn ;” the widow's cares  
A heavenly hand dispels, and points above ;  
Nor shall man's aid be wanting,—England wears  
The robe of Charity fulfilling Love.  
May these afflicted hearts our Christian kindness  
prove.<sup>7</sup>

1862.



## THE SACRED STONE.

---

FAITH plants this sacred stone on holy soil,  
And asks once more the help of human toil,  
A second temple for her LORD to rear,  
Where Hope shall flourish, whence be banish'd Fear.  
That ancient fane wherein our fathers pray'd  
Has join'd the dust of which their forms were made ;  
For Time, who spares not consecrated piles,  
Waved his dark wing above the trembling aisles ;  
And as we mourn'd their gradual, sad decay,  
We own'd this truth—" man's works must pass away."  
Not so the words of GOD,—though years have flown,  
The Bible and the Church are still our own ;  
The same pure waters fill the font of love,  
The same sweet maxims guide young hearts above ;

Still

Still falls God's blessing on the newly-wed,  
Still on each grave immortal light is shed !  
Farewell ! then, holy mansion of the past,  
In thee we found a treasure which shall last ;  
And those dear worshippers who sleep around  
Shall greet with us the trumpet's wish'd-for sound ;  
When countless congregations, joined in one,  
Shall start to endless life in CHRIST begun !  
Come then ! ye builders of the hallow'd walls,  
Renew your Sanctu'ry—your Saviour calls !  
Above it shall be spread His fostering wings,  
Its echo'd Psalms shall laud the " King of Kings ! "  
Here shall the seed be sown in faith and pow'r,  
On grateful soil, to bloom a radiant flow'r !  
Here shall our children lift a prayer to Him  
Whose boundless Throne is girt with Cherubim ;  
And those whose painful path is nearly trod,  
Shall, ere they go, receive new strength from God ;

Whilst

Whilst those whom Doubt's distracting fingers tear,  
Shall learn on Whom to cast their load of care !  
We build to serve no Master save the LORD,  
Our ark of faith rests firmly on His word ;  
Then let each clam'rous voice of schism cease—  
No cries of " Party " mar our Christian peace :  
One LORD, one Faith, one Baptism we hold,—  
One Shepherd guides us to the eternal fold !  
Shall we, who serve one Captain, fight apart,  
Or meet th' enemy with united heart ?  
Oh ! march together—bear the spotless shield,  
And drive each trait'rous sceptic from the field !  
One Saviour died for all—one GOD alone  
Shall save our Church, and guard each " Sacred Stone."<sup>8</sup>

1862.

THE  
GARLANDS OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

---

UNCONSCIOUS tokens of the deepest grief,  
Sweet off'rings from the heart which loved him best !  
Ye speak to us of one whose time was brief,  
Who early passed to his Redeemer's rest.

Oh ! garlands, hallow'd by the mourner's tears,  
Your fragrance dies above that much-loved dust :  
Not so the Nation's sorrow,—far-off years  
Shall ne'er efface “ the mem'ry of the just.”

Who would not weep in passing by those flowers ?  
They tell the poorest that their Queen is lone ;  
And those who knew the dead, and shared his hours  
Of earthly joy, gaze sadly on the stone.

“ Pass

“ Pass on :” fit words ; how few have time to grieve !

The world’s great meeting may be drawing nigh.

“ Pass on :” but as ye go your tribute leave—

A prayer for her who watch’d her husband die.

She stands alone, in greatness and in woe,

As some frail bark, its faithful pilot gone ;

Monarch of countless lands ! in grief more low

Than ever subject was—more truly lone !

May she whose royal hands entwined those flowers

Look up, through faith, to Heav’n’s eternal shore ;

Where God, who soothed her in her darkest hours,

Shall join the parted, ne’er to part them more !

*August 31, 1862.*

1863.

---

THE midnight of our grief is nearly past,  
To come no more !  
The cruel steps of Want are failing fast—  
His reign is o'er.  
Our Saviour prosper'd ev'ry tear we shed  
For others' pain.  
At Pity's voice the searching pangs are fled,  
Of Hunger's train.  
Still there is work to do ; not yet the morn  
Has clear'd each cloud ;  
Our hearts must succour those by sorrow worn,  
Who near'd the shroud !  
On them, on *all*, the New Year gently smiles—  
We greet a " Bride."

Hope

Hope leads her to the "Widow of our Isles,"  
So keenly tried!  
The darken'd Palace, whose lov'd guide is gone,  
Lets in a ray—  
A stream of light upon the sombre throne,  
To promise day.  
The God who shields our Queen, and led the feet  
Of him who died,  
Hath scatter'd blessings from His mercy-feat,  
Our tears hath dried.  
Lord of us all ! beneath Thy healing wings  
Our woes shall cease.  
In this New Year, which ev'ry promise brings;  
" Grant us Thy Peace ! "



## NOTES.



NOTE 1.—Page 35.

The letter "S."

NOTE 2.—Page 43.

Pilatus is the name of a rocky mountain near Lucerne, and is supposed by the Swiss peasantry to be haunted by the ghost of Pilate, the Saviour's judge. It contains a small lake, and has a peculiar appearance, being generally veiled in clouds till near the summit, which is sharply pointed, and stands out in strong relief against the sky.

NOTE 3.—Page 60.

"Time."

NOTE 4.—Page 69.

"Trojan" was a very celebrated fox-hound in the well-known pack kept at Sundorne Castle, Salop, for many years, by John Corbet, Esq.

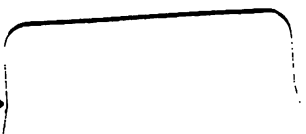
NOTE 5.—Page 79.

These lines were written on the death of three young children, within a short interval, in one family.

NOTE 6.







NOTE 6.—Page 85.

These lines are a tribute to the memory of Anne, Countess Dowager of Newburgh, a benevolent Roman Catholic lady, who died at Slindon House, near Arundel, 4th August, 1861, aged 98.

NOTE 7.—Page 93.

These verses were sold for the benefit of the sufferers by the accident at New Hartley, and realised upwards of £32 by a sale at Bideford, Devon.

NOTE 8.—Page 96.

These lines were written by special request for the benefit of the Church Restoration Fund at Bideford, Devon.

FINIS.







